

verdict of guilty in his case. As for himself, he shrugged

Ms shoulders at the insinuations that he had sold himself to the Jews, that he was a liar and a traitor. Then he continued:

" I have no political, no sectarian passions. I am a writer. I have toiled all my life, and shall return to the ranks to-morrow to resume my interrupted work. How stupid it is of some to call me an Italian, I the son of a French mother, brought up "by Beauceron grandparents. . . I lost my father when I was seven years old and did not visit Italy till I was fifty-four. . . Still that does not prevent me from feeling very proud that my father belonged to Venice, the resplendent city whose ancient glory rings through every mind. But, even if I were not French, would not the forty volumes in the French language which I have scattered by millions of copies throughout the world, would not they suffice to make me a Frenchman, one useful to the glory of France 1 *"

Having thus dealt with the personal question, Zola proceeded to plead for Dreyfus, for equity and enlightenment which alone could restore peace and order in France. And, asking the jurymen if they wished to see Trance isolated in Europe, he showed them the foreign nations already casting doubts on French humanity and equity. Next, amid increasing interruptions, he continued as follows:

" Alas! gentlemen, like so many others, you await perhaps a flash of lightning, the proof of the innocence of Dreyfus descending from heaven like a thunderbolt. Truth

does not come upon
•us in that way; as a rule, some research
and intelligence are
needed to find her. (Jeers.) The proof!
Ahl we well know
where it might be found. But it is only in
the depths of our
souls that we think of that, and our
patriotic anguish proceeds
from a dread lest France should have
exposed herself to receiving
that proof as a slap, after compromising
the honour of her army